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Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence where it comes on soundings.—O. W. Holmes.

GANG MUST BE DESTROYED!

THE wild epithets hurled by the two factions of the Republican Organization are so richly deserved by both that each side, to save time, might as well throw the mud at itself.

Following this final confession of organization selfishness and failure, the regular voters should permit a Varn-Burrough or a Penrose-McNichol Governor to be evolved by a "reunited party," every moral standard of this community and every other community in the State would be lowered.

There are other States in which the national organization of the dominant party has been consistently stolen by State politicians. The same old gold brick has been sold to the "farmers" for a generation—that because you are for a protective tariff and voted for United States Senator Doe, Republican, you should therefore vote for State Senator Roe, Republican, who cannot conceivably have anything to do with the making or unmaking of tariffs, but who calls himself a Republican.

On the hand that counts those four or five "gold-bricked" States, Pennsylvania is the sore thumb. Foreigners talk of Tammany as the arch-American gang. Tammany has been wrecked. It is as dead as Queen Anne. But the Pennsylvania oligarchy lives on and believes not merely that its power is eternal, but even that it can afford a running fight of its own, punctuated by brief truces that ring as false as its feuds.

Let it be cried from the housetops daily: "This factional fight is not sincere. Penrose and Vare will fall into each other's arms, unrighteousness and war will kiss each other the moment a determined band of citizens, true to the death, stands up to wipe both factions off the political map." Good may come of this strife, in a sense, but no permanent good. Let us steal the thunder of that Roman Senator who closed every speech, who answered every argument, with his "Carthage must be destroyed." It may be said, "The faction that wins out must enact the necessary progressive legislative program to keep a foothold." Good, but the gang must be destroyed. "There are good men in the gang." Yes, but the gang must be destroyed. "The Organization may be teased into putting up a fairly good man for Governor." Aye, but the gang must be destroyed.

The man who accepts the support of either faction for Governor must be defeated. And the place to defeat him is in the Republican primary.

There are about eighteen months before us. The superb opportunity is at hand. Every day that passes is bringing Penrose or Vare nearer to that moment when he (either one, it doesn't matter) will realize he is facing defeat, and, in the sneaky darkness, will make terms. Those terms may be unconditional surrender and may give the opposing faction complete power over the Organization. So much the better. So much the easier will it be to destroy the survivor.

Let every school teacher, every minister, every parent in this State, see this moral issue clearly—this enormous moral issue which fills the air we breathe and the sky above us.

Tom Daly's Column

McAroni Ballads
THORNS AND THINGS
I, Tony McAroni, me,
I weech I was een Italy!
For dere ees shine da scorna sun,
But—here ees place for make da mon!

Dat's how eet oot, my frand, you see,
Dees life ees tough as eet can be,
For ewratheeng dat mek you glad
Breeng som'theeng aise dat mek you sad.

Dees roses, too, ees like da vest,
For wen you lova dem da best
An' loeft wen you see hand to smel
Eet's gotta thorn dat steeng like hal!

Eef you like musharooms to eat,
An' you goe buy som' een da street,
You best look out, or you be speek
Weeth bad hopstoots dat keell you queeck!

So even eef you taka veffe
For mak' you happy een your life,
You find dat dough her mouth ees sweet
Dere's sharpn tongue een side of eet.

Do w'at'n use, my frand? You see,
Dees life ees tough as eet can be,
For ewratheeng dat mek you glad
Breeng som'theeng aise dat mek you sad.

What Have You Observed?
In Barrie's play, now in New York, "A Kiss for Cinderella," with the perennial young Maude Adams as the star, a man says to the policeman: "Take off your hat, please. I've never seen a policeman without his hat!"

We had never thought of that, as Goldberg says. And then it occurred to us that we had never seen a cook in a Childs restaurant window without his cap, nor a bellboy without his buttons, nor a butcher without his apron.

What "Pop" Gets Out of It
It looks as though it would fit up about like this:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes: One oak lamp and desk set, \$127.50; Pair gloves (fur), handkerchiefs, etc., \$7.50; Candy, high life, \$12.00; Two sets stockings, \$12.00; Cigars, \$102.00; Paints, wheelbarrows, etc., \$11.00; Gold pieces, \$15.00; Paper currency (five ones), \$3.00; Miscellaneous junk, approximately, \$25.00; Christmas cards, stamps, \$3.70; Advanced for presents for windows, friends, \$28.00; One spotlight for auto, \$7.50; One self-stocking, \$2.00; One hat, \$1.00; One necktie (cost 50c), \$1.00; Half interest in assorted cards received, \$0.33; General wear and tear—fun fathers got out of it, \$1.98; Fun got out of it, \$1,000,000.00; Fun the wife gets out of, \$2.58; Having the wife and kids, \$10,000,000.00; Balance for the old man, \$10,999,998.66.

Between Litorendors
An aftermath of the banquet of the Litorendors "The H. Dorend" (Simon barked a Pie. Hugh Merr joshing her nearby. "Mistress Simon," spake Hugh Merr, "At baking pies you are a Bear." "Mr. Hugh Merr," Simon said, "Eyes askance while baking bread, 'Is your compliment because Doughty hands resemble claws?'"

Sign on a canalboat tied up at the Main street bridge, in Buffalo: CAPACITY OF BOAT, 200 TONS. CAPACITY OF COOK, 2 QUARTS.

The Fate of Buckingham
IT rehearsal of "Richard III" in a New York theatre. That great and vigorous actor, Lawrence Barrett, in the role of the hunchbacked King, had worked himself up to a pitch of fury, as a courier after courier came upon the stage with news of defection or disaster, and when the last messenger, a puny little man, entered with the welcome words:

My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is 'a'en! The last Plantagenet pounced upon him like a tiger, shook him like a rat and hurled him back with that immortal line of Colley Cibber,

Off with his head!—so much for Buckingham! The little courier's face expressed such a mixture of dismay and resentment at this rough handling that one of Barrett's small audience of personal friends, a brilliant newspaper man, saw that at this point of the play something unusual might well be expected, and, therefore, with true journalistic foresight, he attended the final rehearsal the following day.

Again the little messenger entered with the unexpected good news; again the furious Richard flung him back with the fatal words,

Off with his head!—so much for Buckingham! More hopeful still, the expectant journalist was well up in front at the first public performance, awaiting the critical moment. It came. Richard, baited with ill tidings, stood to the left, fuming with rage. In at the extreme right came the little messenger with one palm extended as if in appeal for truce, trembling but determined. "My lord," he said, with a hurried glance over his left shoulder, "My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is 'a'en—and I've cut off his head!"

Where Are Our Diplomats?
Sir—When peace terms are finally discussed—America should demand that the belligerent signatories in Belgium and elsewhere be held to the highest bidder. They constitute a price worth fighting for and should not be tamely surrendered by us as a nation of tourists.

"HURRY UP"



UNDIGESTED AMERICANISM

Englishmen Do Not Believe We Mean What We Say About Peace, Because They Think We Do Not Know What We Mean

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES
Special Correspondent Evening Ledger

LONDON, Dec. 12.—IF YOU are to take the London and provincial newspapers as a guide to what is going on in the United States now you would learn only two things. The first is that the United States is growing rich selling things to the fighting nations. The second is that the United States is spending all its spare time trying to make peace. Every day there is at least one pacifist item printed, and usually there is no other news.

Years of Misunderstanding
The trouble is that we have been on the wrong tack all these years. We have been thinking of other nations purely for what we could get out of them. The principle of the matter is that we are not to be taken in by the people of other nations as people with purposes of their own, who are like us and unlike us, and are entitled to their own freedom and to their own development.

America's Isolation
"Now, honestly, I don't believe you will do it. I don't believe that kind of an agreement, and I hope she won't make that kind of agreement. I am not alluding to your course in connection with Belgium because I think I understand that your course was the only possible one for you. I am basing my conclusion on only one thing—that the United States knows never had the need of thinking about them. Neither did we, as a matter of fact. What do you think our people knew or cared about Serbia? It is really in a fellow-feeling between the two nations. But with what nation have you in the United States a real community interest in common with South America? You are not the same people. You have a spiritual interest in common with us, but you haven't developed that, and, an sorry to say, we haven't either. You were telling me that some people report that the United States has forfeited the respect of the world. Never believe it. What she has lost is the chance to come with Belgium and knit themselves closer and closer, the United States grows more and more lonely. And she talks like a foolish child about a sense of nation when she is, perhaps, the only nation in the world which has never experienced the simplest kind of an alliance.

PERHAPS IT WAS ACCIDENTAL
Respecting Mr. Vandert's assertion that the American people are economic illiterates, he will at least admit that they made wonderful use of their deficient knowledge when they established the Federal Reserve banking and currency system and the farm loan banks. A country that could do that must have a few inhabitants who can read and write simple words.—New York World.

AN OPEN SEASON FOR BAD POETS
The Times has great sympathy with that prisoner at the Federal Penitentiary who wanted for a Christmas present "some humane way to exterminate poets." We would not use it on all poets, but only upon those who think it shows genius to be able to grind out rhyming lines regardless of meter.—Leavenworth Times.

FOND REMEMBRANCE
The business methods in your home-keeping, is a very good admonition, yet one can't help a lingering liking for the cook who makes delicious flapjacks and stews and who, yet consistent with a recipe saw her life.—Suffolk Times.

The Northeast Corner

Rubiyat of a Comedian
XXVII
The grass no Question makes of Aye or Noe,
But strag and walk with fearful quickness
And he that waits perching 'er the Lawn,
He sadly mows it all—he mows—he mows.

Casuals of the Day's Work
XXVIII
THERE never was an inventor yet who was practical. Your inventor is at heart your man of imagination. The difference between the prophet, the poet and the inventor is not one of degree, but of early training. It isn't that he has more prophetic and poetic genius expressed in matters of mechanics.

Had Elijah or Elisha been familiar with a toolshop our Old Testament would have been soother, but the twentieth century would have found itself back somewhere before the sixteenth. Had Keats been a mechanical turn of mind we would have had London lighted by electricity in 1818. The truth of the matter lies somewhere between mere mechanical ingenuity and sheer genius. Galileo and Milton might easily have changed places.

We confess—yes, professors—to ourselves a certain cold-biveness to our stream of life has flowed, we may say, as variously as to become less hot in youth than in the added years. It is hideously trying to our town shudders in prose—goodness! Who could have done it best? Poe, perhaps. He could have told the shudder of an airplane in terms of meter. It isn't that he has more than the permutation of his spirit had he had the early training.

Triffin is the critical instinct. We criticize the program grandly in terms of head, and that is why we see the man who fails in mechanical invention who, it chance had favored, might have been another Shelley. We rearrange names, not nations, and even then the rearrangement is not so easy. Yet the truth is written.

Cities have a sense of humor. Tabu Cleveland, for instance. Her harbor is up at Ashtabula, some fifty miles away. Clevelanders think it's their harbor. Ashtabula thinks it's theirs. Do they object? No. They simply laugh and let Cleveland go on wondering why Ashtabula thinks she's funny.

A TWO-PIANO CONCERTO

Bruch's Curious Work Has World Premiere Here
One can't help admiring Mr. Stokowski's foresight and "push" in the matter of novelties. If Stravinsky writes a new tone poem, or there is a queer and interesting symphony by Gustav Mahler, he has had the leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra get it with little ado and plays it for his audiences. A great many people no doubt went to the Academy yesterday afternoon to look at and applaud Mr. Stokowski, but probably there was a number present who had been drawn thither by the announcement of what the program grandly called the "first world performance" of a concerto for two pianos composed by Max Bruch. It was played by two sisters, the Misses Rose and Ottilie Sutro, visiting artists from Baltimore. Or should one say that it was played by the orchestra, with the Misses Sutro as accompanists?

It is a curious composition, far more melodious than the average Bruch work, far more fancy, far more real. It does not escape the charge of pomposity. Some of it is very heavy and unit by any gleam of music in the hands of the players to the glory from the soloists and gives it to those who play the instruments. Then it is beautiful, lulling and tender—the best of the music of the past. The concerto is modeled on large and imposing lines, but the lines are more deeply engraved than those of Bruch which are more phases of it, or the music which is admirable. For the most part so is its feeling. Sometimes the thought is thin, and so the work suffers at moments from a lack of something really definitive to sustain the most important phases of it. But it is not the sort of thing most pianists would choose for a display of their mettle. Their part in it is blurred, often, and so it is not easy to tell just what the artistic caliber of the Misses Sutro is. They would appear to be finished and accurate, without a great deal of passionate intensity or color.

Of the rest of the concert there is not much that can be added. The program began merrily (and conventionally) with the "Lullaby" of the "Lullaby" with the regal clamor of "Rienzi," another familiar friend of Friday afternoons. The symphony, Beethoven's Fourth, either fell in with the humor of the program or was a part of his. At any rate, he played it exceedingly well, touching its alternate whimsicalities and gravities with nice appreciation. Kind of a "Lullaby" for the grand manner. This the Orchestra appreciated and produced in its playing. B. D.

INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE

Italy is many thousands miles from Chicago, but it has punished criminals for crimes committed in Chicago. It is safer for a Black Hand to murder in Chicago and stay in Italy. Here, in the first place, he is in the hands of the law. And once he is in for an indeterminate sentence, and he is out again in a few years on parole. But if he goes back to Italy he fairly steps into the door of a prison. And once he is in, he remains in.—Chicago Tribune.

PEACE, THE VICTOR

There is no room in all God's universe for hate. No room for war beneath His friendly stars. Love is the guardian Angel watch at Life's gate. Let down the iron bars! There is no room in all the world for greed; God's golden harvests will all needs supply. No room is there for any outworn creed That would His saving grace deny. No time hath life for any bitter tears. Too long is the time of the race for these. When in the blossom time of youth's fair years Their cherished hopes lie dead. If history's pages must bear this crime stain, War reaps a harvest only hate hath sown. No lust of glory—and no hope of gain— Can recompense the heart that seeks her own. Talk war, and war is half begun; Breathe peace, you call upon a holy name. Never a futile waged nor triumph won. But hate's foul breath hath fanned the flame! Thoughts turn to things, they wing their ceaseless flight. From heart to heart, cries cease to die. Princes and potentates in vain deny their might. Thoughts rule the world and triumph evermore. She comes for whom the world hath waited long. Her glorious wings are tipped with majesty. She comes! She comes! Triumphant with her song. Columbia, Herald of Peace and Victory. Columbia divinely fitted for her task. In Man's healing of the nations found. Of Her to whom so much is given we ask— Make straight the victor's path! Let peace abound. Louis J. Gilbert, in Brooklyn Eagle.

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One more day left to swear off.

"You're another" was never a very convincing argument.

Price of oil up ten cents.—Headline. Guess what college is to get a New Year's endowment.

The man who said that hell was paved with good intentions did not intend to remind us that they were of some use after all.

Senator Poindexter evidently wants the President to conduct his diplomatic negotiations with the aid of a megaphone and a cheer leader.

Mexican railroad seeks a new mortarium.—Headline.

It ought to ask Carranza how to get it. He seems to be able to enforce a mortarium upon Uncle Sam at will.

Now they are urging a government liquor monopoly in Great Britain in imitation of backward Russia. Perhaps they mean it as a compliment to their ally.

There is an average of a little more than fourteen fires every day in this city. The total number for the year is about 5350. The efficiency of the firemen is so great that it has been possible to prevent great conflagrations. The men are handicapped by old-fashioned apparatus and rotten hose and have to work under most trying conditions. Yet, in spite of it all, they are making records unsurpassed in any other city.

What's the use having a censor if he permits a Senator to make a show of his Government? Obviously a proper regard for the morals of the young requires that such hot stuff should be prohibited. So we shall have a new censor who can tell which side of the political fence is the right side and identify morality when he sees it pinned to the bosom of a pompous statesman. The war among the black kettles approaches, so to say, the boiling point.

The mummies' parade is a tradition that has been passed down to us by the really old Philadelphia families, who have always been too proud or too poor to buy their way into the Assembly. It is a masterpiece of democracy that flowers in the gorgeous raiment of kings upon our winter streets with all the warmth and miracle of a Christmas tree. We shall not be lost so long as we keep our mummies. Their tinsel and gewgaws are a sounder promise of continued wealth and energy than all our diamonds and pearls.

Whoever is curious to know why the British are not yet ready to talk peace save on their own terms may find information in the following figures:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes: Population of the United Kingdom, 39,000,000; National debt, \$4,475,000,000; Per capita debt, 223; Population of the United Kingdom, 46,000,000; National debt, March 31, \$10,000,000,000; Per capita debt, 221; Per capita income of the British population, \$78; Per capita income of the British population, \$280.

In terms of population the debt thus far incurred in this war is about the same as that incurred in the Napoleonic wars. In terms of national income the debt is less than one-third as great as that which burdened the nation when Napoleon was sent to St. Helena.

We desire to protest against the support manner in which the Cincinnati correspondents have been writing of the projected changes in men's fashions as outlined by the president of the National Association of Clothing Designers. No subject deserves more serious consideration. Before the world was civilized clothes were merely protection from the inclemencies of the weather. Any covetous would do. If one wishes to understand what giving thought to the style of one's dress means he will have only to witness the guests at an assembly hall dressed in a keep warm. The world would be enough to keep them warm. But how would these come look in the ballroom, with its gasolene lights, silks and